The Wine did work in Taffy's head
and that was all the reason,
So Taffy lies as one that's dead,
'twas for a little season.
Awake, awake the Preacher said
unto the people all,
And then poor Taffy was afraid
some body did him call.
By and by, the Welshman cries,
did on a sudden start,
And now he wipes his sleepy eyes,
let slip a mighty f---
The people hearing Taffy's voice,
did at it greatly wonder,
But others they did think the Skye
was almost split asunder.
Now Taffy to resolve the doubt,
ariseth from the ground,
And when they saw his cloven snout
they knew it was Taffy's sound.
Therefore it was the peoples mind
to drive him out of town,
Each man doth prove to him unkind,
the first man knocks him down.
The boys and girls run after him,
all people doth him chase,
Through the River he must swim,
was in a piteous case.
But Taffy wish'd himself in Hell,
for her was sore offended;
And now I wish the Reader well:
for so my story's ended.

Finis.

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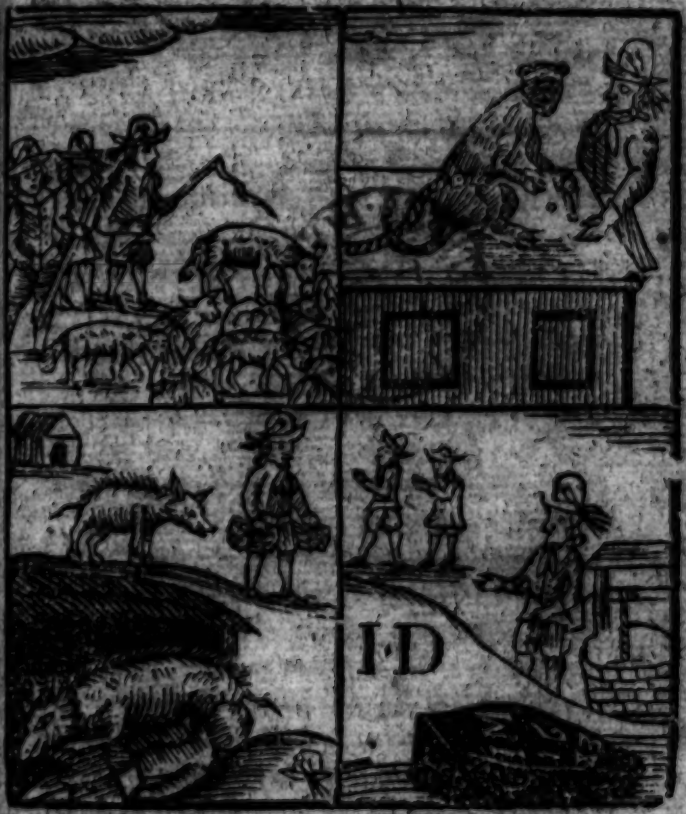
Sheffery Morgan,

Son of *Shon ap Morgan:*



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BODLEIANA · BIBLIOTHECA

The LIFE and DEATH of Sheffery ap Morgan.

CHAP. I.

Of *Sheffery*'s Birth and Education.

THE Person we intend to insist upon in this following Discourse; is one Sheffery Morgan, who was born near Denby, a place eminently known in Wales: His Father being a Man of no small account, kept two or three Hoggs, & Brewed week for week the year round, half a peck of Malt: but being a Man so well to pass in the world, resolved to bring up his Son Sheffery Scholar-like; and in order thereunto put him to the greatest School in those parts, where he improved his time so well, that in six or seven years, he was able to Spell his own Name

with a small matter of help. But not long after, her Lord Father supposed her fit for the University, and disposed of her accordingly; but Sheffery grew negligent, unknown to her Father, and minded more her Waggish Pastimes then her serious Study, and her Father supposing her to be capable to manage a Parsons place, took a Fatherly care of her, and went to the Bishop of that Diocess, making suit for a Benefice for her, which was granted, provided that her should Preach a Sermon of Approbation. Old Shon ap Morgan being joyful of this answer from the Bishop, writ Post to her Son Sheffery, wishing her with all speed to come, for her was likely to become a Welsh Parson, and have a Benefice of 40 l. per Annum. These good Tydings so tickled the ear of our young Parson, that her omitted no opportunity, but took Horse and rid full speed to her Fathers House in Wales, who told her all the matter in hand; but when her heard that her was to Preach before her could have her Money, her knew not what to think on't.

The day appointed drawing nigh when Sheffery was to Preach, being sensible of her inability, he knew not what course to

to take, or how her should perform the Task imposed upon her; sometimes her thought to flye from the presence of the Bishop and her Father both, and then contradicted that thought with this resolution, That if he could not do as well as he should, that he would do as well as he could. So the day being come, Sheffery lay somewhat long a Bed, and seemed to have small stomach to his new Concern; which her Father perceiving, crept up to give her a call, telling her the Saints Bell had rung in. O Father, said her, I am in a brown study, look Father upon the top of Mr. Quibus his House, and behold a Cow Turd that lies there; and I have been studying how it might be, whether the top of the House came down to the Cow, or whether the Cow went up to the top of the House? O fie Son, this is idle Discourse, come make haste, for it draws near ten a Clock, the Bishop and the people begin to think you long. Well, Father, I have but a short Sermon to make, but as ticklish a Tickler as has not been Preached at your Church since you came to the Parish. Well, Son, I shall leave that to your judgment. Sheffery no sooner enters the Church, but he steps into the

Pulpit, and begins as followeth.

Good People all, hur knows there is something expected from hur by way of Discourse, and seeing we are all met together, take this following matter as an undeniable Truth.

There are some Things that I know and you know not; and there are some Things that you know, and I know not, and there are some Things that neither I nor you know.

So thus; As I went over a Stile I tore my Breeches, that I know, and you know not; but what you will give me towards the mending of them, that you know, and I know not; but what the Knave the Taylor will have for mending them, that neither you nor I know.

The Bishop hearing such a strange Welsh discourse to come from a Sermon, fell into such a laughter, that he laughed himself into a Looseness, that he was forced to carry his stole under his Arm after: After the Bishop Morgan fell into such a Fallon, that hur solemnly protested, hur would Dy rather hur Son Shenkin.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

How *Sheffery Morgan* Travelled from his Fathers House towards *London*, and how he fell in Company with two of his Country-men, who were driving a Drove of Welsh Cattel to *Smithfield*; and what fell out in the sharing of their Money.

SHeffery Travelled the Road, having but a small Sum of Money in his Purse, fell into serious Cogitations, sometimes calling to mind the pleasant pastimes he met with when he was at the University; and then thinking on his present misery, that those vain pleasures had brought him to: And while he remained in this disconsolate humour, two of his Country-men overtook him with a great Drove of Welsh Cattel; to whom he said, Whether are you going? who answer'd him, are Drovers going to Smithfield Market, but we greatly want one to help us, then Sheffery asked them what they were to have for their pains? who answered a Shilling: he continuing that he was going to the same City, thought something better then nothing, so he joyn'd with them, and as they Travelled hard, at last they came to Smith-

held, where the owner gave them a whole Shilling; then was their care how to part this one piece equally amongst them three: Sheffery being ingenious, said, Ile go change it for three Groats, to which they consented, so going from street to street, at last they came to Lombard-street, where Sheffery spyed a Tray full of Goats, and try'd, here but shall do it if ever; The Gentleman of the shop being at dinner, the Hatch was shut, and no body in the shop but an old Jackanapes, that stood upon the Counter, Sheffery tearing over the Hatch, said, Good Sir, will you give me three Groats for a Shilling, & held the shilling forth, which the Jackanapes took, and put it down into the place where he used to lay his Master, put money, and minding Sheffery no more but his work, Sheffery was very urgent with the Jackanapes for his change, and said, Good Sir, what does you intend to do? will you give me three groats for my shilling? no, but the Jackanapes not minding, turned up his Teeth, grind, fearing that the Old Gentleman was minded to beat them, which caused to make a great Crowd about the door, so that the Gentleman of the House heard them, and coming into the Shop to see what was the matter,

began

began to be rough with them, doubting they intended to rob his Shop, but they cryed out, they were poor Welshmen, that thought no hurt, but desired to have three Groats for a Shilling: The Gentleman finding them to be poor ignorant Fellows, asked them for their shilling; they replyed they had given it to his aged Father (pointing to the Jackanapes) The Gentleman in great wrath cry'd out, You Villains, do you think I am the Son of a Jackanapes? and threatned to let them by the Ears; but discovering their simplicity, asked them what the Jackanapes did with it: quoth they, he put it into that Pole: to be supposed it might be, gave them 3 Groats, bidding them be gone; so away they went, Sheffery's Countrey-men to their places provided for them, but Sheffery had his Fortune to seek.

CHAP. II.

How *Sheffery* being weary of *London*, and short of Money, took a Journey toward the North; and how he got the good Will of a Sow, which prov'd the first rise of *Sheffery's* Fortune.

SHeffery being forsaken of his Countrey-men, almost moneyless, wandred too and

and fro feasting hur Eyes, but starving hur Belly, resolved to travel farrher towards the North: hur had not gone above 20 miles, but hur was surprized by the dismol Night, and being unacquainted with the way, lost hur self, and wandred up and down, till at last hur happed upon a small Cottage, and knocking at the door, he asked how far it might be to the next Town? the Old Man answered, he was far from any Town of house except his: then Sheffery craved for Entertainment for that night, but the old man reply'd, he had no convenience, but hur presed hard for Lodging; so the old man said, I have no place for you, except you will lye with our old Sow, with all hur heart, quoth Sheffery. This being agreed on, they went to their Bed, and Sheffery to the Hog-tye, which joyned to the House, near the Old Man and Womans Beds-head: Sheffery having but a sorry Lodging and a turbulent Bedfellow, took no rest at all: the old man and woman waking about midnight, fell in discourse, quoth the old Woman, Husband, what if the young man should fall in love with our Sow, and forthwith get her good-will to be Married? Who, quoth the old Man, should be against her Preferment,

ferment, if they like each other? Ah! but Husband, she hath been a good Old Servant to us, and if ever she goes, I hope you will bestow something with her: Well, well, Wife, I shan't be backward, but ten or twenty pound I will bestow if the Man be deserving. Sheffery minding their Discourse, arose and went into a Carrot field near by, and pull'd some up, and brought them to the Sow, giving her plentifully to eat, then tyed the rest about his middle, underneath his Coat: & going into the house to return thanks for his nights Lodging, the Sow having tasted the sweetness of the Carrats, rav'd as though she would have torn down the Stye, longing for more Carrots, the old Woman hearing the Sow to rave, cry'd out to her Husband, What is the matter with our Sow? Quoth Sheffery, but can tell best what is the matter, for but and I have made a match to be Marry'd, and now she finding me to be gone without her, causeth her to rave in this sort. The old Woman runs with speed to her Husband, and said, Cars bobby Husband, I told you our Sow is in Love with the Young Man. Ah! but quoth he, that must be farther try'd, I'le see first whether she will follow him sooner then another;

and

and letting her out, she ran directly at him, and taking hold on him, as if she loved him above others: the Old Man seeing this, was much satisfied, and carried Sheffery in, and laid him down 20 pieces, telling them much for together. This being done, Sheffery took his leave of the old people and went his way, by the direction of the Carriers the Sow followed him which the old Woman spying, she cryed out, Come hither Mistress Bride, play day and take my best hat with you, which she did, and look'd like Mother Shipton with her long Nose.

Shipton

CHAP. IV.

How Sheffery was robbed of his 20 pound, and how he fery'd the Thief that rob'd him.

Sheffery wandring farther, came into an uncouth Lane, and there met with a high-way-man, well mounted and armed, who fastning his eyes upon Sheffery, supposed there was money in the sale, and welcomed him with the usual word Stand: Sheffery finding it was in vain to dispute, soon pitched up his Purse, the only thing the Thief desired, and setting spurs to his Horse, away he rid full speed, leaving Sheffery much lighter than he

he found him: Sheffery much troubled, went on with a light purse, but a heavy heart, and that night wanting money, Lodged in a Barn: Not long after, Sheffery sitting on the brink of a drawing Well, near the high-way side, distant from any house; and troubling at the crosses which happened to him, fell into a passion, and whilst he was in this Agony, he which robbed him, hapned to come by, Sheffery minding him, knew him tho' he knew not Sheffery, but asked him what was the cause of his sorrow? who answered, that he had let a bag of Money fall into the Well. At this the Thief seem'd sorrowful, & said, he would pull off his Cloaths and you shall let me down into the Well, & when I have found the Money. I'll call you to pull me up again: Sheffery was well pleased at this, so off comes the Thiefs apparel, and into the Bucket he gets, while Sheffery was very ready to let him down; which done, but seeing the Road clear, and the Thief safe where he could not come out without help, now is the time, thought Sheffery, to deceive the deceiver; so pulling off his old Jerkin, by reason he could not describe him by his Apparel, throws it down into the Well, then mounted his

Horse,

Horse and rid full speed night and day, till he and the Well were 60 miles asunder, and then adventured to open his Portmantle, where he found 300 pound of money, his own 20 pound being part thereof; where we will now leave him and discourse something of the Thief which Sheffery left to search for that Money in the Well which never was there. The Thief finding himself thus deceived and so trapann'd, that he could no ways help himself, was forced to continue in the Bucket, to take his sweet Life; and at last an Old Woman coming from the next Town to draw Water; as she was winding up, seeing such a strange Beast in the Bucket, was shrewdly affrighted, for he stared like a dead Pig on a Market-Womans Stall; the Woman being half dead with fear, in a little time recovered her senses, and made shift to get to the Town, where she declared how she was frighted at the Well; they asked what it might be; who replyed, she dared not to stay to look on't, but without doubt it must be the Devil, and therefore let us all go forth with what Weapons we can get, and destroy him, who would deprive us of the Priviledge of the Well, and hath

taken

taken possession of the Bucket: so the rest of the old Women and Men resolved to fight for their Priviledge, and armed themselves with such Weapons as they could get, the Men with Pitch-Forks and Clubs, and such like, the Women with Distaffs, and swore by their Maiden-heads, he should never escape their fury, so they drew themselves up into a Body, and made Old Stump the Tooth-Drawer, their Captain, and the Old Woman that brought the tydings, his Second: along they marched till they came to the Well, then setting themselves in order to oppose him, when he should come out; none so valiant as Old Stump, who went up to the Well to beat him out of his Harbour, where he found him sitting in the Bucket, as the Old Woman had told before; and drawing of him out of the Well, he was so amazed to see so many old Men and women, insomuch that he strove to run for his Life, but they so pursued him, and so laid on, that they soon ended his days, and gave a great shout, for joy that they had killed the Devil.

Now let us return to Sheffery Morgan, where we left him, taking an account of the Money he found in the Thiefs

Pos-

Portmantle, who beholding the great summ of Money, resolved if he could to raise his Fortune, and get him a handsome young Woman to his Wife, to the end that he might reap the full enjoyment of his Youth, so he took up his Lodging at the Sign of the Unicorn, where he had not long lain, but he walked forth one day to recreate himself in the Fields, where by meer accident, he lit of a young Gentleman, whose Name was Pantillo, who had formerly been Fellow-Student with him at Cambridge, and wondring to meet Sheffery in those parts, asked him where he lived? he told him that he Lodged at the White-Horse with the Barbers-Pole in his Forehead, here in this Town. Quoth Pantillo, I live about Ten Miles hence, and came hither about Business, and I should be glad to Drink one Cup of this Countrey Liquor with you: with all my heart, quoth Sheffery, and we'll go to my Lodging: So on they went until they came to the Sign of the Unicorn, where they Hooted, and Pantillo Laughed heartily at the New-Fashioned House: But as they were Discoursing together, Sheffery unfolded the secrets of his

keepers in the Country gives such a Crack, which makes such a sound in the Londoners ears, that they are the worse for it a great while afterwards.

Conf. Honest Plain-dealing, I am willing to take thy advice, and see the Country once more: and now every thing is so plentiful, we will see what entertainment thee and I shall have, I'le stay Bartholomew-Fair at London, and thou to Sturbridge, and so to Yorkshire, for there I had used to be much regarded among them.

Good Ale is the dearest penniworth there; for Victuals will cost you little or nothing if you be a Good fellow.

But honest Brother, prithee let me give thee some instructions in your travel: and I would desire some of yours, for where you are, bid them remember me.

Plain. Well I will, and now tell me what I shall do; for Plain-dealing must be rul'd by Conscience, and Conscience by Plain-dealing: for he that useth one, must use the other.

Conf. First bid the Shop-keepers and Sales-men there provide them light Shops and not dark Rooms, whereby

to deceive their Customers, to make them to take old cloaths instead of new, and course cloath instead of fine. And bid the whole tail-men sell good pennyworths to their Customers.

And when they trust them not to take too much gains.

For fear they get nought but Ink and Paper for their pains.

And pray bid all Trades-men here, have a care of lying, for it may be they dare not Swear for fear they are made to pay for't; and bid their Customers not believe them, when they say they lose by their Commodities, or get nothing by them, for such as those will cheat them most; and pray invite all the honest worse courters in every Fair you come to (that make much of Conscience and Plain-dealing, and never use Swearing nor lying) bid them to Dinner, but to be sure do not provide too much Victuals, for fear your company be so small, that you must be glad to eat it your self; and bid the Bakers remember me, and tell them you are a friend of mine, and must take notice of such as love not Conscience and Plain-dealing, bid them all remember thee &

I,

I; and tell them the Fair would be a great deal the better (and all Fairs and Markets else) if they would make use of Conscience and Plain-dealing in their buying and selling, and not use false Weights and Measures, and deceitfulness in their Trading; for light gains, and quick sale will make a heavy purse.

Plain. Well Brother Conscience, I intend to follow thy directions; & pr'ethee where thou goest bid them remember me: and let not Shop-keepers and Tradesmen use double-dealing so much as they do, nor keep but one sort of Weights and Measures to Buy and Sell by; and let them turn out Hypocrisie out of their Shops, for a great many keeps him to be the Fore-man of the Shop instead of Conscience, and so have deceived the people; But I hope we shall discover them all, for the people begin to find them out already: For indeed, and Forsooth, and in truth they have cheated many an honest man: Not an Oath but as many Lyes as you please: I advise all to have a care of them, and not deal with any, if you know them to be such: For he that will Swear, will Lye, and he that will Lye

would Swear too, if it were not in hopes to couzen you the more by his smooth Tongue.

Pray remember me to all the honest Inns and Ale-houses in your Travels that useth Conscience and Plain-dealing to their Guests, and tell them they will be ne'r the poorer for entertaining Conscience. Indeed in the North-parts, and especially in York-shire, they did use some Conscience formerly, therefore I hope you will find some entertainment there.

Remember me to all our Friends at Shefield, and bid the Cutlers there not Glate their Knives so much as they do, nor Bromigom neither, for they leave so little Steel on them, that when they are used a while, the heat of the Meat melts all the Steel away: There is a place called Cuckolds-Haven near Shefield, where I heard the Host of the house formerly deal so much with that Ware, and had so much Credit of his Dealers in Shefield, sore against their Wills, he hath now built him this place called Cuckolds-Haven; which by report cost his dealers three hundred pounds the Building; but good Brother Con-

science

science come not there: for he'l turn you out of doors; for by report he never knew you in his life, and he cares not for strangers.

'Tis the trick of a Knave, you'l say 'tis pitty.

Knaves should flourish so in Town and City.

Pray Brother Conscience bid the Clothiers in Yorkshire to bring as much Cloath as they can in the Summer, while the weather is dry, but let them give good measure when they sell it, and perswade the People that buys it, to take enough, for fear they should find none to match it when 'tis shrunk.

And pray advise all country-men and Women that comes to Markets and Fairs, to have a care how that they part from their Money; and let them not part from it to them that will take it at a venture, and never tell it, for then they will have nothing for it, but trouble to find it again.

And pray let all Country-men, and others, when they are merry, and in drink, have a care of Gaming, for fear they meet with a dish of Rooks that will be saucy, they will not be able to digest

digest them in a good while after.

And I would advise Young-men to have a care of their Pockets, and Maids have a care of their Plackets, for when the drink is in, the wit is out; for both many have sower Sauce to their sweet meat; if they have not a care.

And in the next place I advise all, let them be rich or Poor, Old or Young, to hate Swearing and Lying, Couzening and Cheating, Quarreling and Fighting, do as they would be done by, keep a good Conscience, and love Plain-dealing.

Let a Man be Honest, Just, and Fair,
Then what he goes he need not care.
So once more we are resolved to see;
Where **Conscience** and **Plain-dealing** best entertained may be.
And when we have gone our Circuit round.
We'l tell you where **Conscience** and **Plain-dealing** may be found.
So farewel till we do meet again.
For **Conscience** and **Plain-dealing**,
'mongst some doth still remain.

The

The Authors Advice.

WEll, Honest Men and Women either in Country or City, let me like a friend, advise you to take notice of what you have heard in this Book, and be not angry if Conscience and Plain-dealing hath told you of some of your Faults; if you are wise you will seek to amend them, and not like a gaul'd Horse kick and wince when you are rub'd: And though it be a Proverb amongst many, that Conscience is Hang'd, & he that loveth Plain-dealing.

You tell those knaves where you do them see,
That **Conscience** is not hang'd, though lost with them he be:
And though **Plain-dealing** dies a Beggar, as some say,
He gains at last, though here he loose the day.

Some

Some grows Rich, and some grows poor,
Some gets houses some turn'd out of door:
Some gets by swearing, cheating, and lying,
And some gets estates without any buying,
But he that loves **Conscience** and **Plain-dealing** too.
To live in these times he'l have much ado.
So fare you well, my name begins with **C.**
A friend to **Conscience** and **Plain-dealing** where'soe're they be.

FINIS.

Licenced and Entred according to Order.